

# US Military Close Encounters in Cambodia

*A retired US Army Special Forces officer claims that in 1971, while on a secret mission in Cambodia, he and his company had a terrifying encounter with humanoid aliens, and a sinister debriefing with the CIA and MJ-12.*

by Linda Moulton Howe © 1998

LMH Productions  
PO Box 300  
Jamison, PA 18929-0300, USA  
Telephone: +1 (215) 491 9840  
Fax: +1 (215) 491 9842

**A**llegedly the United States Government has known about UFOs, their occupants and their advanced technological ability to interrupt electronic equipment since at least the Truman Administration. According to some military insiders, the United States tried aggressively in the early 1950s to bring down discs. Retrievals of crashed discs and non-human beings have been described during the 1940s, 1950s and beyond. Evidence of retrieval operations was hidden from the public inside double vaults, behind 'weather balloon' headlines and under a policy of silence in the interests of national security.

Leonard Stringfield, longtime UFO researcher since his days in the US Air Force, told me before he died that no one would ever know how many of our own pilots we lost trying to carry out orders to bring down the discs. Was our initial aggression a provocation for alien retaliation?

By the 1970s, it appears the aliens were interacting not only with nuclear missile sites but with animals, plants and humans all over the world, either with or without government knowledge and approval.

I learned about one extraordinary military interaction with grey-skinned, non-human entities from Pete Bostrom when I spoke at a Midwestern conference in 1990. (Bostrom is a Vietnam War veteran who served on active duty in the US military from 1969 to 1971 and has long had an interest in unusual phenomena.)

Bostrom handed me several typed pages and said: "Read this. It's one of the strangest conversations I've ever had with anyone in my life. If you want to use it in your work, you have my permission."

The subject was a close encounter during the Vietnam War. This is one of several eyewitness accounts I have received from men who describe having seen round, silver discs and grey beings during their respective tours in South East Asia. Some men claiming inside intelligence knowledge have suggested that extraterrestrials were covertly helping the United States during the war. Other men have implied that the non-humans used the war's violence to cover up an alien harvest of tissue and genetic material from animals and humans.

The following account describes a violent interaction between Vietnam GIs and non-human beings, in which one human attacked and a non-human responded with restraint. This incident also indicates there is an immediate, aggressive, intimidating and well-planned US intelligence response to 'handle' UFO eyewitnesses, especially those responsible enough to lead men in combat but who are not included in the need-to-know agendas of government insiders who have knowledge about non-human entities.

## PETER BOSTROM'S INTRODUCTION TO AUDIOTAPED INTERVIEW

"The following is a conversation I audiotaped in the mid-1980s with the permission of a retired military Special Forces officer who served in Thailand during the Vietnam War. His special training was in electronics.

"At the time of this conversation, 'Joe' [at his request, his real name is not used] was retired and repairing television sets, VCR players and other electronic equipment in a Midwestern town. This is an account of his close encounter with several EBES [extraterrestrial biological entities] and their space vehicle.

"Unlike other countless reports of similar 'high-strangeness' meetings with extraterrestrials, this account is maybe even more interesting because it happened in wartime surroundings in Cambodia, a country supposedly out of bounds for US troops then. Plus, there is mention of MJ-12 as a government entity involved with the gathering of informa-

tion about unidentified objects in the airspace in and around Thailand, and it shows how determined the government is to extract all information it can on the subject. Also, there is mention of another strange encounter in the same general area.

"I spoke with Joe off and on for several weeks. When he spoke about this encounter, he never changed his story and I believe he wants to give the true account as he himself saw it happen. As my conversations continued with Joe around 1985, he said he had been contacted by an officer friend still on active duty who told Joe that he could freely speak about the subject of his encounter with the extraterrestrials in Cambodia and anything else concerning the subject. He said the officer told him, 'This information will be made public in the near future, anyway'. But Joe was told not to indicate specifically the true reason why he was in Cambodia.

"This other officer also talked about the UFO subject in general, and told Joe that the Roswell crash really happened and described precise methods of how people who need to see the alien vehicle and bodies are transported in high-security procedures. The officer also discussed two different alien beings. One name he used was the 'Greys' and the other was the 'Nordics'.

"Several months later, Joe said he was going back into government service. He still seemed to have government friends with high-level security clearances."

### JOE'S ENCOUNTER WITH NON-HUMAN BEINGS

**JOE:** In September 1971, I was stationed with the Army in Thailand. Originally it was a routine mission into Cambodia close to an area called Tonle Sap, just south of Angkor Wat where the temples are. We had gone on a previous mission in answer to some problems and had gone back on a search-and-destroy mission. The area we were mainly concerned about was insurgents from the Khmer Rouge—Pol Pot's people. They were really causing havoc at the time with the local indigenous personnel. We were after one group, and when going through the jungle we heard some noises that sounded like generators or machinery. Something with a hum.

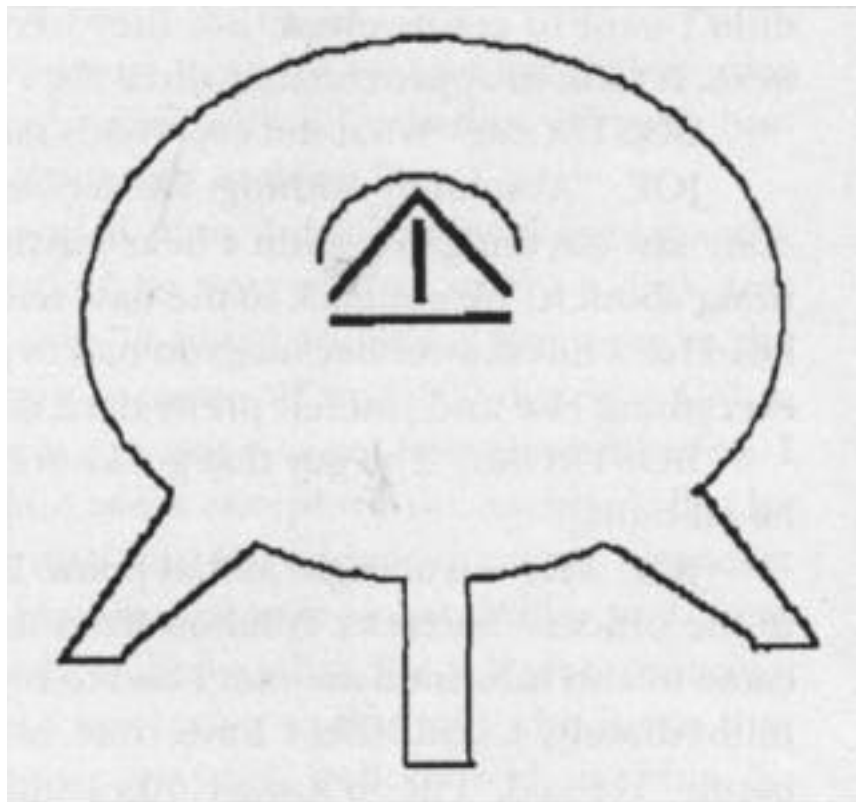
**PETER BOSTROM:** So, that's what attracted you?

**JOE:** Yes. We assumed they had some kind of refuelling station or something out there. It was quite common for the Khmer Rouge and Pathet Lao to use a high place in the jungle to make an artificial clearing for refuelling helicopters, things like that. Most of them were Russian-made and they could refuel them.

When we came into the clearing we were quite surprised to find something quite unlike what I've ever seen before. At the time, I held the rank of Lieutenant. We had with us approximately fourteen Special Forces of our country [USA] and several dozen Thai arranged with us."

**BOSTROM:** So you were in Special Forces?

**JOE:** Yes. I was originally with the 101st Airborne Special Tactical Unit. We were reassigned 506th Air Cavalry sent to Thailand. They were under the auspices of a group we won't discuss for obvious reasons. During this time, there had been several reports of some strange incidents of things flying through trees. We more or less pooh-poohed them, thinking they were people getting scared in combat.



*Spherical craft with symbol etched in mirrored surface that matches symbol drawn by Officer Lonnie Zamora in Socorro, New Mexico on 24 April 1964. (Drawing by Joe from 1971 encounter in Cambodia.)*

We entered the clearing. What we saw was almost spherical in shape and suspended close to the ground on four legs. And there were a number of, the best description I could say, humanoids. There were at least as many of them as there were of us.

**BOSTROM:** How many do you think?

**JOE:** I would say there was anywhere between sixteen to twenty-one. Their appearance was not that of any human being I'd ever seen on Earth. Skin was a greyish-whitish colour. They were wearing what appeared to be a one-piece jumpsuit which was silver in colour, much like a metallised Mylar heatsuit. It didn't appear to be a

pressure-suit of any kind. We found out later that it was quite a strong material.

When we approached, they really didn't notice us at first; and when they did, they turned toward us. Some of the fellows [non-humans] were carrying some type of instruments. Didn't see any weapons anywhere. Made a quick judgement. It didn't look like any weapon I'd ever seen, so I thought it could be safe.

We had a young corporal with us [George]. Well, it was his second time in combat and he didn't react very well. These—I'll call them aliens—one of the aliens turned toward him with something in his hand. George evidently thought it was a weapon of some type, felt threatened and let loose a short burst of fire from a Browning FNFAL, which is literally a three-way Winchester. It has a 150-grain slug, the same hitting power as the 30-06 out to 150 yards. About the shortest burst you could fire on full auto is somewhere between 8 and 12 rounds, which, at the distance from 30 to 35 feet where it struck this fellow, would devastate a normal human being.

We were wearing flack jackets most of the time. The material [on the humanoid], whatever it was, was like the 'second chance' material we had which was a compact, lightweight, bulletproof vest. I've been struck several times with slugs wearing those—rib cage broken, you get bruised very badly, you feel like you are going to die—but as a general rule, unless it's an armour-piercing slug or some type of Teflon sliding jacket, the slugs don't penetrate. I've seen 50-calibre shells go through, but nothing much smaller than that. Nothing except high calibre and high velocity will pierce it. Occasionally a tracer will burn a pretty-good-sized hole in it. When it struck this fellow [humanoid], he went down, dropped like a stone, like he was dead. We assumed he was dead.

In that humanoid group, most of them were all approximately the same height. I would say some were five foot or less, maybe four foot eight inches, in that range. They were very small people; more like dwarves, and perfectly proportioned. Only one fellow was taller, about five-six or five-seven. He intervened at this point. I pushed the weapon down that George had in his hand. I thought, "God, this [humanoid] guy is going to kill us!"

At this point, I was terror-stricken. We didn't know who these guys were. Something like this happens, and all the science fiction movies you've ever seen in your life run through your mind. You think, "Oh, my God, are they going to pull out ray guns? Are they going to atomise us?"

**BOSTROM:** Did any of them ever say anything?

**JOE:** Never heard a single word. This fellow [taller humanoid] turned to me, evidently knowing that I was platoon commander. He raised his hand with palm out and fingers up in just a peaceful gesture and stopped and walked over to George and struck him on the cheek. It wasn't a real heavy blow. George went down like a limp rag, just like an electric shock had gone through him. The only thing I could figure was either this [humanoid] fellow is a lot stronger than we imagined

he was, or he did something else. You've seen blows, even in martial arts, that don't appear to be very heavy but have a devastating effect. George went down like a stone; just a limp rag.

About the time I was trying to pull him up, I didn't know what we were going to do at that point. I didn't want anybody else to fire because I figured if we opened fire on these guys we were dead. I was scared. I soiled my pants at that point—a nervous reaction. I didn't know quite what to do. With the exception of George, we were all veterans of at least twenty to twenty-five fire-fights. We were relatively well-seasoned combat veterans. It could have been George's third time out, but probably second, and he was green and he panicked, and I thought, "Well, he just paid the price for it. This [humanoid] fellow just killed him." But George recovered quickly.

I tried to pull George up, and turned around about the time the fellow [humanoid] that was shot [by George] got up and brushed himself off. I thought, "Oh, shit, these fellows are going to wipe us out! If an FNFAI didn't take him down in eight to twelve shots, that is one tough little hombre."

The only thing I could figure was that the [bodysuit] material was tough enough that it acted as a cushion, just like a vest. We spent many times picking slugs out of our flack jackets. They smart. They will knock you out cold, sometimes, from the impact. It's like having a very large electric shock run through your body. What takes people out, knocks them out flat, is not the actual impact of the bullet but the nervous reaction of the impact, and it will literally lay you out flat before you hit the ground. Every muscle in your body goes rigid. So, I guess they [the aliens] have basically the same physiological reaction that we do.

When he [taller humanoid] turned to me and placed his palm up toward me again to stop, I had a feeling that everything was okay. I'm not going to say that it was some kind of telepathic message. It didn't really seem anything like that. It just seemed like, "Hey, it's cool. He panicked and I understand the situation."

At this point, the humanoids packed up all their little instruments, packed themselves back into the craft and left almost soundlessly. It sat there on the ground as the four legs, resting on the ground with pads on them, retracted back into the body of the craft, which was spheroid. Then it just lifted straight up off the ground. I didn't see any visible means of propulsion. There was a little noise. It was hard to tell if it was just the wind blowing through there or what. Then it was just like an instantaneous burst of speed.

**BOSTROM:** What do you think the diameter was?

**JOE:** I would say that it was at a minimum of fifty feet. It could have been as far across as 150 feet. It was very difficult to judge. It was a mirrored surface. So you're looking at something and the jungle is being reflected and it's really hard to judge the size. I know it was at least as tall as a five-storey building. What didn't make any sense is why it should be spheroid. Whatever propulsion system it required, I don't know. Perhaps it's some type of anti-gravity drive and

you'd have to have everything cantered.

**BOSTROM:** Was it round like a ball?

**JOE:** Round like a ball. Perfectly round as far as I could tell. There was one symbol on the side, of what appeared to be, I would say, black paint. Either this, or there was just no coating on this area. It was a simple symbol of an arc, almost like a pyramid with a line drawn underneath it.

[Joe drew the round craft encountered during the military operation near Tonle Sap, Cambodia, in April 1972, and wrote:

*The craft was polished, highly reflective, mirrored in appearance. Spherical in shape, the craft appeared to be approximately 50 feet in diameter. Symbol on surface seemed to be ground and sandblasted, as it was less reflective. No apparent opening or door was seen until just before departure. This was evidently due to an extremely precise fit and the nature of materials involved. Although armor was not readily apparent, the surface was impervious to small-arms fire. The craft emitted a high-pitched hum, even while motionless*

"...one of the aliens turned toward him with something in his hand. George evidently thought it was a weapon of some type, felt threatened and let loose a short burst of fire from a Browning FNFAI, which is literally a three-way Winchester."

on the ground, and was otherwise nearly silent in its ascent. Legs appeared to be one contiguous piece with the body, but withdrew into the orb during take-off. The encounter and the description of the object were reported directly to civilians who identified themselves as representatives of 'MAJIC'.]

**JOE:** We returned to base. The Thais, of course, weren't going to say anything to anybody. They 'saw nothing, heard nothing', just along for the ride. Which was typical reaction for the Thais. They didn't want to get involved. But they were quite shaken by it, as we were. It took us approximately three days to get back to the border.

**BOSTROM:** What did everybody talk about on the way back?

**JOE:** Absolutely nothing. We decided on the way back that nobody saw anything. We didn't hear anything. We didn't know anything about it. We got back to the base and the first thing we did was head for a hot shower, because you had to pull all the lice off you and everything else and you felt pretty darn dirty.

**BOSTROM:** The guy who got knocked down—George. Was he all right?

**JOE:** He was alright at that point. He was a corporal and went to the officers' barracks. A fellow from the provost marshal's office came in and informed me that I had to report to the captain's office immediately. I said, "Do I have time to rinse off?" He said, "Just barely." He said, "Put on some clothes and get over there. They want to talk to you right now." I asked him what it was about. He said, "I don't know. They won't tell me. Just get your tail over there. It's something very heavy." He said they were quite confused about something.

I walked into the captain's office. We were met by the captain, a couple of majors, a colonel and some civilians. If you've ever worked with anybody with 'the Firm', they reek of it. You generally expect them in grey flannel suits and white socks, but these fellows just reeked of the Firm.

**BOSTROM:** What is 'the Firm'?

**JOE:** When you hear people involved in security, they never call a certain agency of the government 'the Company' [Central Intelligence Agency, CIA]. Insiders like to call it 'the Firm'. Again, what we were with was literally a front for the CIA's military part which it's not supposed to have. Well, it had one. Recently there have been little leaks about that. Miller [real name withheld] rode with MJ—you know, Majestic 12.

**BOSTROM:** MJ-12?

**JOE:** Right. The only way we ever heard Miller call it was 'MJ-12' or 'MJ'. We knew he worked for that. We didn't know what the heck it was. The only thing we knew was that any enemy aircraft that was sighted had to be reported to him. Any photographs we took had to be given to him. He was overly concerned about enemy aircraft, unusual sightings, anything out of the ordinary.

He'd call us in occasionally to look at photographs and say, "What is this?" And we'd say, "That's a Russian gunship, it has so much armament." He'd say, "Okay, that's what I want to know.

Thank you very much. Discuss this with no one and have a nice day."

Miller was very single-sided with information. We gave him everything. He told us absolutely nothing. He was a cold-blooded man. I don't think I ever saw the man sweat. Most of the time he wore a black suit or a dark grey flannel suit. When you're in Thailand and it's at that point in the year when it's somewhere between 97 and 100 degrees [Fahrenheit], 100 to 110 per cent relative humidity, it's so hot you get heat that's like fog. I don't think I ever saw him sweat except for this incident. But he had a cold sweat going into this. He ended up taking his jacket off—and you never saw him outside of a jacket.

Miller and these other guys sat us down and grilled us that day at least three-and-a-half to four hours. And I was trying to find out who it was that told them because when we got back, nobody said anything. So something or somebody snitched.

**BOSTROM:** Someone would have had to run in immediately and tell them?

**JOE:** We hadn't been back more than an hour. We usually took a shower, got cleaned up and got a little rest before we were debriefed because that could sometimes take many hours. It was very interesting. They even sequestered us in our quarters. We were told not to have any outside activities at all, and meals would be brought to us. We were not to talk to any unauthorised personnel. 'Authorised' meant *them*, or someone directly with authorisation from the provost marshal's office.

Then we spent the next three to three-and-a-half weeks talking to various people—some of them, I don't know who in the heck they were. Several were psychologists—it was very obvious by the kind of questions we were being asked, and they started dragging out the ink blots. We went on with this for two weeks, and then they started using narco-hypnosis.

**BOSTROM:** How did that operate?

**JOE:** Essentially, they sit you in a chair, hook up the sphygmomanometer, the blood pressure tape, and get you highly relaxed, using soothing

music sometimes, and they give you an injection of basically what is called a 'hypnotic drug'. There were drugs like Seconal, Scopolamine—the type that have a tendency to reduce what they call 'psychic resistance'. You get your body as relaxed as possible and you lose your will. They actually hypnotise you at that point. It's a combination of drugs and hypnosis. The only thing I can say that occurred during that time was that in one way or another, *they altered our memories*. [Howe's emphasis.]

Now, I do not know whether we saw something else, or they gave us a different memory and that's what we ended up with, or what we saw was much worse than what we thought had occurred and I toned it down. I *do* know that every one of us still has occasional nightmares about it and we get flashes of things that are just an incredible bloodbath.

George was reassigned from our unit after we had all cleared through medical and psychological. I was called into the captain's office approximately six or eight weeks after the incident to iden-

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tify a body they told me was George. Now, I'd seen the man on the base a few days before. The body they showed me was far, far decomposed for even the jungle, where you have rapid decomposition."

**BOSTROM:** But you couldn't positively identify the body?

**JOE:** I couldn't identify it as George. The flesh was all liquefied.

**BOSTROM:** So it may have been someone else?

**JOE:** The only thing I can say is his tissue seemed to suffer from some kind of extreme disruption, like every cell wall had been broken—like you see with a cold sore. I think whatever happened to him, they transferred him so they could show me the body and say, "That's George".

**BOSTROM:** Then why would they show you a body you couldn't identify?

**JOE:** I don't know. The people we were dealing with [MJ-12] were very, very careful about covering all avenues. They never left a thread hanging. As far as I knew, he was dead. I was called in to identify the body and sign the papers. The only way I could identify was with his dog tags. The usual thing was that during combat, because of the nature of our unit, dog tags were retrieved by a ranking officer and returned to you when you returned to base. We carried what was called 'T8407 -?-T101', which was a get-out-of-jail-free card. It was a cardboard card with two sides and department logo on one side to say the individual was allowed to be carrying strange and unusual weapons, may or may not be in uniform, and was not to be detained for any reason whatsoever. If this card is found on a body, it is to be burned with the body and reported to a telephone number and group, stateside.

**BOSTROM:** Is this all you can remember?

**JOE:** Well, that's the problem. If we really sit down and try to pressure us through it, I get confused. I talked to a couple of fellows that were involved in it, and they have the same kind of problem. Slowly but surely, things emerged; and over the years, more and more has come up. It was years before I ever had a desire at all to talk about it—not because it was frightening, or because the Firm told us not to because they were going to place it under the national security end, but because I had absolutely no desire whatsoever to talk about it.

**BOSTROM:** Do you remember any other details such as how the humanoids entered the craft?

**JOE:** It was like a section slid down; like it just created itself on the side and slid down.

**BOSTROM:** Do you remember a ramp?

**JOE:** It slid down and tilted to the ground and had a stair on it that formed a ramp for them to walk right up, with steps on it.

**BOSTROM:** Did it look like they were walking on steps?

**JOE:** It had steps on it because they were stepping, and it wasn't like they shuffled up the ramp. Their gait was very smooth, almost unerring, and they covered a lot of ground in a little bit of time. But the main problem is like I said: if we sit down and try to really go through the details and think hard about it, I end up almost with anxiety attack.

Whatever it was that they [MJ-12/CIA] did to bury those things is pretty permanent. Over the years, I still occasionally have nightmares about it. I wake up in a cold sweat and I'd remember

for awhile. It's frustrating. I find myself angry because I don't know what the heck they [MJ-12/CIA] did to us.

I did find out that a few weeks after we had our incident, there were at least two more. In one, some GIs were pinned down and two of those little [alien] fellows stepped out of the woods. One of the aliens threw a small object out between them and the Pathet Lao that had the GIs pinned down. The men described it as a 'darkness' grenade instead of a smoke grenade. It put up enough of a partition of darkness that they were able to escape. These guys came back, and others immediately came down, saying, "What the hell did they do to you guys when you saw that thing?" And they said they went through the same debriefing procedure we had to go through.

**BOSTROM:** What did the guys who saw the smoke bomb say about the craft?

**JOE:** They didn't see a craft. All they saw was the [alien] fellows that we had seen—some of the smaller ones."

**BOSTROM:** They just appeared there?

**JOE:** The men heard a noise out in the jungle and these two aliens peeked out, looked at the men who could see them clearly.

"I did find out that a few weeks after we had our incident, there were at least two more. In one, some GIs were pinned down and two of those little [alien] fellows stepped out of the woods."

The aliens turned to each other and, whatever discussion they had, one of them reached up and threw a small object; and the guys there said it couldn't have been any smaller than a tennis ball, and it went off with a loud pop—not an explosion, but a pop. It's just like a dark gas. It came up like smoke does, but it was darkness, and they looked at each other and said, "What the hell is this?!" And one of them said, "I don't care. Let's get out of here!" So they high-tailed it out. It took the Pathet Lao back far enough that they couldn't pursue the GIs. They've never seen

anything like that, and neither have we.

**BOSTROM:** Did they take their clothes to check for residue?

**JOE:** They'd done that several times. They took our fatigues.

I know that up to that point in time, I've always been fascinated with the idea of other life in the universe, but never saw enough that really made me believe that there was any such thing. But whoever or whatever those alien fellows were, I'm convinced that they're not present populace of this Earth.

**Note:** This text was extracted, with permission, from *Glimpses of Other Realities—Volume II: High Strangeness*, by Linda Moulton Howe, published by Paper Chase Press, USA, 1998 (ISBN 1-879706-78-4) (see review in NEXUS 5/05).

#### **About the Author:**

Linda Moulton Howe is a graduate of Stanford University, USA, and has a Masters Degree in Communication. She is a science and environmental reporter for radio and television. Her film documentaries, *A Strange Harvest* and *Strange Harvests 1993*, explored the worldwide animal mutilations phenomenon. Her books include *An Alien Harvest*, *Glimpses of Other Realities—Volume I: Facts & Eyewitnesses*, and, most recently, *Glimpses of Other Realities—Volume II: High Strangeness* (Paper Chase Press, USA, phone (702) 826 5947. Ms Howe's investigations have taken in such diverse subjects as crop circles, the *chupacabras* mystery, humanity's hidden history, and the evidence for UFOs and ETs, including research into the alleged Roswell UFO crash fragments and government knowledge and cover-up of non-human intelligences interacting with our planet.